

## The History

Which 1400. yeares agoe were nail'd,  
For our advantage on the bitter Crosse:  
But this our purpose is but twelue months old,  
And bootlesse 'tis to tell you, we will goe.  
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare  
Of you my gentle Cosin *Westmerland*,  
What yesternight our Counsell did decree,  
In forwarding his deare expedience.

*West.* My Liege, this haste was hot in question,  
And many limits of the charge set downe;  
But yesternight, when all athwart, there came  
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heavy newes;  
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,  
Leading the men of *Herfordshire*, to fight  
Against the irregular and wild *Glendower*,  
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
A thousand of his people butcherd:  
Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,  
Such beastly shamelesse transformation  
By those Welsh-women done, as may not be  
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

*King.* It seemes then, that the tydings of this broyle  
Brake off our businesse for the Holy-land.

*West.* This match with other like, my Gracious Lord;  
Far more uneven and unwelcome newes,  
Came from the North, and thus it did report:  
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspur* there  
Yong *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,  
That very valiant and approved *Scot*,  
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend  
A sad and bloody houre:  
As by discharge of their Artillery,  
And shape of likelihood newes was told:  
For he that brought them, in the very heate  
And pride of their contention, did take Horse,  
Uncertane of the issue any way.

*King.* Here is a deare, and true industrious friend,  
*Sir Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,

Stain'd

## Henry the Fourth.

Stain'd with the variations of each foyle,  
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this seate of ours;  
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome newes,  
The Earle of *Douglas* is discomfited,  
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights  
Balkt in their own blood, did *sir Walter* see  
On *Holmedon* plaine: of prisoners *Hotspur* tooke  
*Mordake* Earle of *Fife*, and eldest soone  
To beaten *Douglas*, and the Earle of *Atholl*,  
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*:  
And is not this an honorable spoyle?  
A gallant prize? Ha, Cosin, is it not? In fayth it is.

*West.* A conquest for a Prince to boast of.

*King.* Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me frowne  
In envy, that my Lord *Northumberland*  
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne,  
A Sonne, who is the Theame of honors tongue,  
Amongst a Grove, the very straightest Plant,  
Who is sweete Fortunes Minion, and her pride;  
Whil'st I by looking on the prayse of him,  
See Ryot and dishonour staine the brow  
Of my yong *Harry*, O that it could be prov'd  
That some night-tripping Fairy had exchang'd  
In cradle clothes our children where they lay,  
And call'd mine *Percy*, his Plantaginet!  
Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine:  
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you, Cuz,  
Of this yong *Percies* pride? The Prisoners  
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,  
To his own use he keepes, and sends me word,  
I shall have none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.

*West.* This is his Unckles teaching, this is *Worcester*,  
Malevolent to you in all aspects:  
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle up  
The crest of youth against your dignity.

*King.* But I have sent for him to answer this:  
And for this cause a while we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to *Ierusalem*.

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Cosin,